

## Little Problems of Married Life

By William George Jordan

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II.—Respect For Each Other's Individuality.

TRUE marriage is the consecrated comradeship of husband and wife, made permanent by love and mutual respect. It is the harmonizing of two individualities to a common interest, not the sacrifice of one to the other. The suppression of the individuality of either endangers the real happiness of both. With the insistence of either to be first, matrimony ceases to be a team and becomes a tandem.

When the husband constantly plays barometer to his wife's weather, when she is the voice and he the echo, when she is the substance and he the shadow, it is not a true companionship. He is merely the junior member of the firm, having his name on the sign and holding the post of cashier, but with no voice in the management. He is really suffering from anaemia of the individuality. He needs to develop a few red corpuscles of self respect and protest; he should cease to be merely a minority stockholder in her thinking; he should rebel against the phonographic instinct of speaking only what has been talked into him.

They tell us that husband and wife are one, but it is a parody on unity if either wants to be that one. It would be as foolish as if the hour hand and the minute hand were to claim supreme importance in the matter of telling the time. Their united action is based on perfected individuality in union; it means harmony, not competition.

If the wife be afraid to give expression to her thoughts, her views or her



His Imagination Runs Riot on Hot Muffins.

opinions merely because she never quite knows how he will take them, there is something wrong with both. If she automatically looks up at her husband, reading his emotions in his face, like an engineer with his eye on the steam gauge, to see if her tentative words meet a nod of approval or a storm cloud of protest, she has not the courage of her individuality nor the self respect that compels its recognition. Her attitude reveals a cowardly fear that is beneath the dignity of wifehood. It is unjust to one, therefore unjust to both.

If she has to meet him ever with conscious tact, if she has to look out ever for storm signals of a change in his mood, if she lives in constant terror of offending him at any moment by touching inadvertently the sore thumb of a prejudice, and has to go round ever with an oil can to lubricate the bearings of his self approval, she should heed the warning of the alarm clock of her injured self respect and waken to the realization that she is desecratingly unjust to her own individuality.

Love may survive this disrespect, but it is not fed by it; love may persist for a time in spite of it, but never because of it. It is a mortgage on love that must be removed or that love will finally be wiped out on foreclosure proceedings in the name of the outworn patience of the heart.

Perfect unity on essentials means that on the broad questions of their common life there is unanimity of view, a solid rock foundation of happiness and trust that no minor differences can threaten for a moment. Perfect freedom in nonessentials means that it is not absolutely necessary for husband and wife to like the same book, the same picture, the same play, place or person, if each has the proper respect for the honesty of the other's view, and confidence in the other's willingness to change that view if shown proper reason for so doing.

With two living together in the closeness of day by day companionship there are sometimes little traits of character, little peculiarities of temperament, little phases of disposition, little habits in word or look or act in the one that jar and fret and chafe the nature of the other. They form no part of individuality; they are but acquired eccentricity that it should be a joy to master and control merely because the sweetness and deference implied in the act of changing are tributes to the other. It is love illuminating a

trifle. But there are personal theories with which one should not expect the other necessarily to follow in lock step, and the other should not feel forced to accept.

The wife may have been led to worship at the shrine of a food fad through an article printed on the "woman's page" that becomes her gospel. She may feel that the physical salvation of the race comes from eating bread three days old and may unwisely seek to force him to discipleship, because she "knows it is good for him." He may prefer a shorter life soothed with fresh bread rather than a longer existence on the new terms.

Let her revel in her petrifaction, passe nutriment to her heart's content, but she is giving postgraduate courses in hypocrisy and protest when she makes meals at home an ordeal as he silently munches the dry crusts of her theory. He suffers it as a temporary trial, feeling confident that the reign of staleness will be brief, and lets his imagination run riot in the thought of the red hot muffins and all the other quarantined delicacies he will order downtown for lunch just to square himself somehow with his self respect.

If he cannot be brought to accept Ibsen as an inspired apostle of optimism and the joys of living on the higher levels, if Ibsen really seems to him to be nearly as cheerful as a ride in a tunnel on a dark night with the car lights extinguished and he does not want to invest in her enthusiasm for her new found literary god as "the dramatic genius of the ages," let them sweetly and smilingly agree to differ if argument develops fervor. He may later forsake his well thumbed Shakespeare should the higher illumination come to him and flood his soul with light.

If her adoption of some new philosophy of living brings to her calmness, rest, peace and the solution of life's problems, making her more kind, gentle, charitable, loving and unselfish, and seems a constant inspiration, it is unwise to seek to capture his conversion by an unrelenting assault of argument, protest, discussion and appeal. He has a right to his option of non-acceptance as fully and freely as her choice of acceptance. If her living does not vindicate the rightness and finality of her belief, if her life does not convince, her arguments will only irritate, but never convert.

Respect for each other's individuality touches in some way the heart of every problem of married life. This respect is based on justice, and justice wrongs no rights, but rights every wrong. It is the Golden Rule raised from mere theory to the dignity of a living reality. In the home it means freedom, right, sympathy, tolerance, harmony and peace. Determining that neither shall suffer from the other, they are strengthened to suffer for and with each other whatever trials life may bring.

This respect has two vital phases: We must not only respect the individuality of the other, but must demand that our own be equally respected. While never invading the rights of others we should with equal firmness resent the invasion of our own. This implies no petty captiousness in trifles, no supersensitiveness of an inflated egotism, no disregard of the privilege of making little compromises and concessions, the joy of sacrifices and surrenders that bring new happiness to love. Neither has the right to make the other the victim of his or her temper, selfishness, cruelty, tyranny, meanness or injustice, and either is wrong to submit.

We are unjust to ourselves when we meekly suffer what we have no right to suffer. It is not a virtue of noble bearing; it is the vice of cowardice. We are sapping the very citadel of our own strength; we are weakening ourselves for the battle of life, starving our very soul.

There are grim tragedies of which the world may know nothing in domestic life where the wife lives trembling in the shadow of a husband's fierce temper or his wild, uncontrolled, senseless jealousy. Smiling, bright, gay, witty, he seems the very life of the social company gathered round his table. But there may come to her, seemingly only a table length but really a whole world apart from him, a quick gasp and a tremor, with a pain in her heart as though a hand of steel were suddenly gripping it with a deadening pressure when she sees for a second a certain look on his face that no eyes but her own noted, none might even understand had they seen.

We hear much of the nobility and the moral grandeur of bearing and forbearing, but there are times when bearing becomes a weakness, a cowardice, a crime against self respect. Pence at any price is not peace—it is smothered war. Things are never settled until they are settled right. The wife's time for meeting such temper was at its beginning of her married life, at its first manifestation, in its faintest phases, before it had fattened and grown tyrannous through nonresistance. In the beginning she was at the maximum of her power to cope with the wrong; the evil was at its minimum; the man himself was more pliable and more easily led and controlled.

In the beginning should she have met the issue, taking a firm, final, unalterable stand, using every weapon in the armory of her wisdom. Then should she show unmistakably, with dignity, character, calmness, courage, that never would she tolerate or permit the indignity and humiliation of such a scene. If it cannot be settled then with an understanding that makes repetition impossible there is no hope for the future of either. Better a single hard battle to a finish than a long siege of torture with constant skirmishes for years, with the wife's defeat in the end guaranteed.



## Tobacco That Comes To You Cut Up, Comes Dried Up

Nature never intended anything she grows to be cut up until just before it is used. Everybody knows that food should be fresh—and so should tobacco.

Sickle Plug comes to you fresh—with all the original flavor and moisture pressed into the plug. You slice up the tobacco as you use it, and the last pipeful smokes as cool, sweet and satisfying as the first—because the natural leaf wrapper keeps Sickle Plug fresh. The chopped-up tobacco that comes in packages cannot help getting dry, smoking hot and scorching.

Try a plug of Sickle today—get more tobacco, by having no package to pay for—and get more enjoyment by smoking fresh tobacco. At all dealers.



## INTO THE OPEN FIELD

Should Go the Seeker of Spiritual as Well as of Physical Welfare.

Undoubtedly one of the most salutary discoveries of modern medical science is that of the value of fresh air as an agent of general bodily health. In the old days we use to muffle up our throats to keep out bronchitis, pad our chests against consumption and sleep behind closed windows to escape the contagion of the night atmosphere. Today all this is changed. The victim of a bad throat or weak chest is taught to expose the affected parts to the outer air as much as possible. The fresh air treatment of tuberculosis is now universal. The wise man sleeps in winter as well as in summer with every window wide open—or, still better, out of doors! To keep out in the open air is in our time the first law of health.

Now, very impressive is it to note that what is true as regards the body is no less true as regards the soul. In the spiritual life as well as the physical, we are learning the value of fresh air. No longer do we drive the tempted soul into the ways of solitude or separate the sinner from contact with his fellows.

**Active Life Beneficial.**  
No longer do we regard the monastery as the refuge of virtue or the dark silence of the hermit cell as the cure of spiritual corruption. We know today that retirement is dangerous and active life in the outer world always beneficial. If a man be overwhelmed with cares or beset with temptations or stricken with some loathsome moral cancer let him flee from the lonely chamber where he knows only dull brooding and sterile remorse and desert the towering altars where he makes confession and does penance. Let him take his anxiety or sin into the open air. Let him go down to the sea, and look unto the hills. Let him heed the skylark, and dance with the daffodils. Let him seek the company of the sun, and bow to the benediction of the stars. Let him, in a word, hold "communion with Nature in her variable forms," and let his cares will fall from him like a ragged garment and his sin vanish away as a little thing. The air will make him pure. The sun will give him light. The shining firmament will lift him to its own expanse of beauty. In the words of Mrs. Browning:

The little cares that fretted me  
I lost them yesterday  
Among the fields above the sea,  
Among the winds at play—  
Among the husking of the corn  
Where drowsy poppies nod,  
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,  
Out in the fields with God.

**Getting Rid of Troubles.**  
And if it is beneficial thus to bring our ills under the influence of Nature, how much more beneficial still is it to bring them under the influence of our fellows! What unworthy thought can flourish in the presence of a good man, or what ignoble motive survive the grace of a good woman? How shall we maintain our petty envies and deceptions in the face of little children, or keep our selfishness alive amid the sweet influences of comradeship and family love? Where is there cruel passion or secret sin which is strong enough to resist the wholesome impulses of the crowd? What we need, if we would keep our souls free of all unhealthiness, is simply the open air—the open air of rubbing elbows, clasping hands, making friends, knowing people, "going with the multitudes"—above all, of seeking the near companionship, if possible, and the distant influence, if nothing better, of men and women who are stronger, braver, purer than ourselves! To know men, to love men, to work with men, to live with men—to know the grace of

brotherhood and the joy of fellowship—this is the first law of the spirit.

Out in the open, therefore! Away from solitudes and silences—from windows closed and doors barred against the world! And let it shall be seen that strength and beauty are the sanctuary of the soul as well as of the body.

**Bits of Truth.**  
There is satisfaction which accrues to the individual who is tired when the evening shadows fall with the weariness of an honest day's work.

Vice would lose its horror if we were compelled to do wrong and virtue its merit if we were slaves to do right. This is where independent manhood and womanhood may exert itself. We are placed upon our merits. The world will find you out. It will discover the kind of material of which you are made. Christ would have each become manly men and womanly women because this type of life yields the largest returns to the individual and the age.

Man may "sow," but "God must give the increase." If we have been the recipients of large gifts they should be dedicated for service. The bountiful harvest should hasten the rule of the Prince of Peace in the hearts of a grateful people.

We err when we separate God's interest from the activities of the world which he has created.—The Rev. Frank W. Court.

**Uplift of Crucifixion.**  
Jesus drew the world to him by being lifted upon the cross, by giving himself absolutely and entirely. Had he appealed to immediate results, had he devoted his life to patching the immediate ills with which he was surrounded not a whit less than we are in this day, his life would have been a failure and his mission a wreck. Yet never has there been one more sensitive to immediate need, nor one who gave more cheerful of what he had, but with larger vision he sought its realization in the salvation of the world. His church must follow in his footsteps, and give itself, be crucified if need be, then and then only will it feel the sweep of the current of the purpose of God, and be carried on to participation in that final victory which it has helped to win. Are we ready to swing into line with the Christian order of growth, which is but the application of the natural order, and give ourselves as Jesus did to the service to which we are called?—Universalist Leader.

**The Book.**  
I urge you to take the Bible the sweetest, the dearest book to your children; not by compelling them to read so many chapters each day, which will have the effect of making them hate the Bible, but by reading its pages with them, and by your tender parental love, so showing them the beauty of its wondrous incidents, from the story of Adam and Eve to the story of Bethlehem and Calvary, that no book in the home will be so dear to your children as the Bible; and thus you will be strengthening their minds with the sublimest truths, storing their hearts with the purest love, and sinking deep in their souls solid principles of righteousness, whose divine stones no waves of temptation can ever move.—A. E. Kittredge.

Automobiles have been with use for fifteen years. What means of joy riding will be provided for use fifteen years hence?  
There is no sense in littering the streets in the fond expectation that the school children will clean them up some time.  
It has frequently been said that the wife is the better half, but assuredly, hubby claps the honor when the baseball season opens.

## NOT FOR HUMAN EYE

Insight Into the Mysteries of God's Plans Concealed From His Children.

There are many paths of thought and experience which lead to atheism, but none perhaps which is more frequently traveled than that of the inability of the human soul to interpret rationally and morally the workings of the universe. Again and again we find ourselves standing dumb and helpless before the inexplicable mysteries of earth. How to explain the stupendous cataclysms of nature, the universal horror of the struggle for existence, the innumerable agonies of animal life, man's inhumanity to man, the ravages of disease, the barbarisms of war, the sorrows of death—how to reconcile the hard facts of evil with the conception of an all wise, all just and all powerful God—this is a question which we cannot seem to answer. And, failing to answer, we jump at once to the sweeping conclusion that, these things being true, there is no God. "I cannot understand the universe," is the line of argument, "and therefore I cannot believe in God."

Infidelity Not Logical.  
Now, that we should find it difficult to understand the world of nature and of man is not a thing to be wondered at. The further we penetrate into the great world of being the deeper becomes the mystery in which we find ourselves involved. But that we should immediately assume, because of the inability of our little minds to fathom every depth and scale every height, that God is a sheer figment of the imagination is certainly a thing to be wondered at to the very end of time. For when has failure to understand ever before been taken to be bona fide evidence that there is nothing to understand? The schoolboy is undoubtedly unable to work out the answer to his algebra problem, but what right has he to throw down his pencil and shout that the problem has no answer? I certainly fail in miserable fashion to decipher the inscription on this broken tablet from the Egyptian desert, but this does not prove that the letters have no meaning.

Not Given Us to Understand.  
For countless ages men saw nothing but conflict and disorder in the world of natural forces, but this demonstrated not that the universe was chaotic but that the human reason was not yet acute enough in observation and daring enough in imagination to behold the law and order which has since been unveiled. And so with the great question of God. It may be true that I cannot see any evidence of divine goodness and wisdom in the world. It may be true that I cannot understand the place of flood and pestilence and sudden death in a world created and ruled by a beneficent Deity. It may be true that I can work out no answer to this tangled problem of existence. But who am I, pray, that I should expect to do this thing? And why should my failure be taken as in any sense proof positive that it is not to be done at all? Where is the logic of such a conclusion from such a premise? Is it not more logical to argue that my failure to understand is perhaps a reflection upon my powers of understanding, rather than a reflection upon the understandable character of the problem itself? Is it not at least possible that the answer is there, even though I cannot see it, and that some day a mightier understanding than mine will make it plain?

So at least I try to think. It is my faith that God lives and that his reign is at once wise and good, even though I fail to understand. "I believe; help thou mine unbelief."—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

For dyspepsia our national ailment, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Recommended for strengthening digestion purifying the blood. At all drug stores. \$1.00 a bottle. adv

**Expert Valuation.**  
Footpad—Your money or your life! Mrs. Tightly—"That's reasonable enough. Jake! You've got only 59 cents."—Chicago News.

Any skin itching is a temper test. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment is for piles, eczema, any skin itching. 50c at all drug stores adv

**Slight Acquaintance.**  
"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Hix, your fashionable neighbor?" "Only in a roundabout way. Her cat boards at my house."—Pittsburgh Post.

"I have been somewhat covetous, but Doan's Regulets give just the results I desire. They act mildly and regulate the bowels perfectly."—Geo. B. Krause Alton, Pa. adv

**Inaudible at Least.**  
Among those things that go without saying may be included the language of deaf mutes.—Puck.

A household remedy in America for 25 years—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. For cuts, sprains, burns, scalds, bruises, 25c and 50c. At all drug stores adv

**Chance.**  
Chance is a word devoid of sense; nothing can exist without a cause.—Voltaire.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

## LOSING HOPE WOMAN VERY ILL

Finally Restored To Health By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bellevue, Ohio.—"I was in a terrible state before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back ached until I thought it would break, I had pains all over me, nervous feelings and periodic troubles. I was very weak and run down and was losing hope of ever being well and strong. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I improved rapidly and today am a well woman. I cannot tell you how happy I feel and I cannot say too much for your Compound. Would not be without it in the house if it cost three times the amount."—Mrs. CHAS. CHAPMAN, R. F. D. No. 7, Bellevue, Ohio.

**Woman's Precious Gift.**  
The one which she should most zealously guard, is her health, but it is the one most often neglected, until some ailment peculiar to her sex has fastened itself upon her. When so affected such women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a remedy that has been wonderfully successful in restoring health to suffering women.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

### Estate of Robert P. Putnam

State of Vermont—District of Lamoille, ss.  
The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille.

To all persons interested in the Estate of Robert P. Putnam, late of Hyde Park, in said District, deceased, Greeting:—

At a Probate Court, holden at Hyde Park, within and for said District, on the 2nd day of March, 1914, an instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Robert P. Putnam, late of Hyde Park, in said District, deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid for Probate.

And it is ordered by said Court that the 23d day of March, 1914, at the Probate Office, in said Hyde Park, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned by publishing this order three weeks successively in the News and Citizen, a newspaper circulating in that vicinity, in said District, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said Will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand at Hyde Park, in said District, this 2d day of March, 1914.

EDWIN C. WHITE, Judge.

### Estate of Ida C. Churchill

STATE OF VERMONT—District of Lamoille, ss.  
The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille.

To all persons interested in the Estate of IDA C. CHURCHILL, late of Morrisville, in said District, deceased, Greeting:—

At a Probate Court, holden at Hyde Park, within and for said District, on the 5th day of March, 1914, an instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Ida C. Churchill, late of Morrisville, in said District, deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid for Probate.

And it is ordered by said Court that the 30th day of March, 1914, at the Probate Office, in said Hyde Park, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned by publishing this order three weeks successively in the News and Citizen, a newspaper circulating in that vicinity, in said District, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said Will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand at Hyde Park, in said District, this 5th day of March, 1914.

EDWIN C. WHITE, Judge.

### Estate of Ansel L. Barrows

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT  
State of Vermont, District of Lamoille, ss.—In Probate Court, hold at Hyde Park, in said District, on the 5th day of March, A. D. 1914.

Nelle S. Barrows, late of Stowe, in said District, deceased, presents her claim in trust in account for examination and allowance, and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased. Whereupon it is ordered by said Court, that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof to be held at the Probate Office in said Hyde Park, on the 13th day of March, A. D. 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for hearing and decision thereon; and it is further ordered, that notice of the time so given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the News and Citizen, a newspaper published at Morrisville and Hyde Park, previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court. EDWIN C. WHITE, Judge.

### Estate of Willis M. Parsons

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille, Commissioners, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Willis M. Parsons, late of Stowe, in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid at the Probate Office in the Memorial Building in the town of Stowe, in said District, on the 21st day of March and 19th day of April next, from ten o'clock a. m. until four o'clock p. m., each of said days, and that six months from the 7th day of February, A. D. 1914, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Stowe, Vermont, this 20th day of February, A. D. 1914.

CHARLES E. BURT,  
HARRY E. PISK,  
Commissioners.

### Estate of Emily M. Towne

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille, Commissioners, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Emily M. Towne, late of Morrisville, in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid at the office of C. L. Gates in the village of Morrisville, in said District, on the 28th day of March and 7th day of September next, from ten o'clock a. m. until four o'clock p. m., each of said days, and that six months from the 7th day of March, A. D. 1914, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Morrisville, this 28th day of March, A. D. 1914.

O. W. CHAFFER,  
C. L. GATES,  
Commissioners.